MY OWN DEAR HOME.

In foreign lands I longed to roam,
From those I left in tears,
And wander from my own dear home,
Perhaps for many years.
CHORUS: Oh! give me back my own dear home,
And those I loved most dear;
My gentle mother kindly drop'd
A farewell parting tear.

My heart is sad, I cannot rest,
While sorrow's marked upon my brow;
Those last kind words my mother spoke,
Makes me sad to think of now. Chorus.

Oh, would that I were home once more,
From whence I first did roam;
O then, I would contented be,
Yes, in my own dear home. Chorus.

But now those happy days are o'er,
I have no home to shelter me;
My friends, alas! they now are gone,
And lie beneath the willow tree. Chorus.

ORPHAN BOY'S SONG OF HOME.

'Tis just five years ago last May,
My Mother and I did part;
And ever since that very day,
Her memory is on my heart.
She was a kind and good mother,
And this I feel proud to say:
Repeat. { She always told me to be good,
And do as she would say.

She was so kind and true to me
That I can ne'er forget
The days she nursed me on her knee,
Is in my memory yet.
I think I see her image now,
Standing before my eyes;
Repeat. { But still I hope she is at rest
With angels in the skies:

I always loved my mother dear;
She always was so kind,
She never spoke a cruel word
Unto me, her child.
But still I hope she is at rest,
And when my soul departs,
Repeat. { We'll meet again in the world above,
Where we will never part.

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FROM
228 MONTGOMERY
SAN FRANCISCO

MY OWN DEAR HOME.